

No 41, even now that Grosvenor Road has had its identity merged in Millbank, a tablet will no doubt in due course be placed to tell succeeding ages that for well-nigh forty years, the Webbs dwelt and wrought here Externally it is, it must be confessed, a distressingly ugly house, although the Virginian creeper is doing its best to soften both its harsh colour and its ill-proportioned shape A bad specimen of an architecturally bad period, ornate outside and space-wasteful inside, it is showy without being dignified, and the lavish decoration accentuates the shoddy design Tenants more indifferent to these aspects, however, could hardly have been found The rent was right, the location was right, the size was right, the number of rooms was right They had agreeable neighbours There was Mrs J R Green, who really "invented" Grosvenor Road, at 43, there was B F C Costello, an able Progressive colleague on the County Council, next door, there were the Pearsall Smiths, there was H W Massmgham And they knew, for that matter, that of neighbours they were independent, few were the persons in London or elsewhere who were not only too eager to come and see them They meant them to come, and they did come But there was no hurry about that

 The social side of 41, Grosvenor Road, which was to become so famous, and was so important, did not come fully into play for a year or so With skill and tact Mrs Webb let that side develop slowly They made no rush

at people That was not their way Socially, as
politically,
the method of permeation was gradual, and
carried
through with the minimum of display It was
as a work-
shop that they saw the house in the first
instance It
was from that point of view that they rejoiced
in the
existence of a little room at the turn of the
stairs, half-
way up towards the long white painted
drawing-room
This drawing-room they furnished very
simply, so that